

## THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest

Late Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department of New Scotland Yard. (Copyright)

(From Wednesday's Daily.)  
Hitherto he had viewed her through a mist, content to accept what she had told him as the truth, and with faith that the inexplicable things would in time be made clear and her innocence apparent. He had brushed aside the suspicions of Menzies as a natural tendency of the police officer to put the worst construction on anything.

Now he began to wonder if, after all, Menzies had been right. Was she merely a cunning adventuress who had all along deluded him, and laughed at his folly behind his back with her criminal confederates?

Looking at it coolly, he told himself, he could see a score of reasons why it should be so. A couple of deep lines bit into his forehead. He had helped her escape, and her first words had shown her solicitude for Ling.

Afterwards she had tried to dismiss the impression she had created or erected by an assumption of the most intention since they met in the police station had been to use him as a stalking horse.

He had been gaining, unseemingly, straight in front of him. A light touch recalled his wandering thoughts. "What are the police doing?" she asked. "You have not told me how they knew that Ling and I would be there."

His face hardened. She was taking it for granted that she could pump him. "That is their secret," he answered bluntly. "as much theirs as your secrets are yours."

"I'm sorry," she stammered timidly. "You think I am taking advantage?"

"I think, Miss"—he corrected himself—"Mrs. Ling, that there are several things you should answer your questions to me."

She winced at the stress he laid on the name and drew herself together. "I am to suppose that you distrust me," she said hesitatingly.

"That's a quaint way of putting it. Exactly what reason is there that I should trust you?" He spoke brutally. He felt the occasion was not one for delicacy of language.

"You have told me a story that I then believed to be true—a story of devotion to a scally-wag brother. You said nothing about a greater motive for loyalty to your gang—your marriage to one of the most notorious criminals in the world. He shall see something to laugh at in the way I've been strung—some time."

Her lips were parted and her breast was heaving. Undoubtedly Betty she was with her flushed face and her eyes lighted till they looked like blue flame. There was neither shame nor contrition within their depths.

"Why did you help me to-night, then?" she asked.

"Because—" He waved. "Oh, because I was a fool. I suppose. I thought there might be some explanation. I see now"—he made a gesture with his hand—"there can't be."

You vanished as soon as Scotland Yard got a hot scent. You were afraid I might get dangerous, and you played on me with a note to get me into the hands of your pals. I tell for it all right, all right."

She stared at him dumbly. "You got my note then," she said after a pause.

He laughed shortly. "Yes, I got it all right. No mistake about that. And Gwennie Lyne got me."

ford Road, Briton."  
"That wasn't it." She passed her hand over her brow. "There's been some trickery I don't understand. It was quite another place. I wanted a friend. You didn't come. I thought—oh, I didn't blame you. There was no reason why you should run any risks to help me."

He watched her with obvious disbelief. He was prepared for any effort to regain his confidence.

"You think I'm lying," she said, with another change of manner. "Very well. You shall see and learn for yourself. I will prove to you that I am not lying—that I have not tricked you. You can keep your own counsel. All I ask is that you should not betray mine."

"You may rely on me," he said coolly.

The train ran into Sevenoaks and they alighted. There was a return train within a quarter of an hour, and while they caught. Both were grimly silent on the return journey, and for the most part Jimmie kept his eyes resolutely fixed on the blank blackness of the window. Once he surprised her watching him with an air of wildness.

"A consummate actress," he thought, and shifted his gaze again to the window. To question her would be only to invite another series of lies.

At London Bridge she took command, piloting him to the Bank and stopping a motor bus with an imperative wave of the hand. They ran through into the gloomy heart of the East End. "This is Shadwell," she said. "We get off here."

It was hard to reconcile the dainty figure in the neat grey costume with the slums and squalor into which they entered. Through narrow, desolate streets she led him, past here and there a drunken man or a riotous group racing from one public house to another. At last she paused and tapped with her bare knuckles on the unpainted door of a tumble-down house. He was not without courage, but he hesitated.

"I am," he admitted. "I may tell you I am armed."

Her lips curled. He got a vague glimpse of a slatternly old woman with curious eyes staring at them, and then the girl, without stopping to see whether he would follow, led the way within. He followed, mentally calling himself a fool. The old woman closed the door and they were left in darkness.

"Take my hand," she said. "I know the way. The fourth stair up is broken." The hand he groped for and found was ice cold. He dragged his pistol out of his pocket and held it to the door. There was a gasp, a cry of "No repetition of the Gwennie Lyne trick if he could help it. At the first sign of treachery he was determined to shoot. He heard the creek of a door on rusty hinges as she pushed it back and released his hand from hers with a sudden jerk.

A thin light filtered out and he beheld a wretchedly furnished room with something lying on a mattress in the farther corner. He advanced cautiously, weapon ready. She pushed the door to and his pistol dropped as he saw the haggard, unshaven face of the sleeping man on the mattress—a man who turned restlessly at their entrance.

She pointed to the corner. "There you are, Mr. Hallett. That's my brother, Dick Errol. You have his brother in your hands if you want to fetch the police."

CHAPTER XVIII  
Peggy Explains.  
She faced him by the thin light of the cheap oil lamp, her head defiantly tilted. He remained dumb.

I have a friend who considers that environment and not heredity is the determinant factor in the formation of character.

He came to me the other day triumphant with an illustration of his point. Two sisters who had been adopted as children, one into a desirable environment, the other into a rather undesirable one, have turned out utterly differently.

"There," he says, "you can't deny that environment made the difference in them."

I Don't Know And He Doesn't Either I can't deny it, but I do deny that he can affirm it.

The difference may have been due to environment and then again it may not.

For I can point to half a dozen cases where two sisters or brothers with the same environment and also the same heredity have turned out very differently.

Can't you? I'm talking of a woman we had recently met. She is very well bred and very intellectual. Her enemies call her "high brow." Someone said, "I've heard that her sister is entirely different, very free and easy, almost coarse."

Why Should Two Sisters Be Utterly Different? "But why should she be?" said someone else. "They had the same

the pistol dangling by his side till he became conscious of the incongruity and replaced it in his pocket. The sudden spectacle of the sick man lying there in that miserable hovel had shorn him for the moment of the power of consecutive thought.

She lifted the lamp to examine the sleeping man, and, replacing it on the table, readjusted a pillow with tender fingers. Then she rose and pushed forward a rickety chair. He complied with the unspoken invitation.

"He is a fugitive from justice," she spoke softly. "Whatever he is, scoundrel though you think him, can I do less? But for me he would have been hung. Would you have made a gesture of disgust—that I like living in this place—these two sordid rooms, which are the only place in London where a doctor would not make them, even have a doctor for fear of betraying you?"

He looked at her with a mixture of indignation and sympathy. "I am in league with the people who brought him to this. Well, I am in league. They know where he is, and a single word would bring the police down here."

The fire in her low tone challenged him to still condemn her. Once before he had reasoned out a theory of her attitude; a theory that the partly broken down, and a single dominating point had been reached when he found her dining with Ling.

At first the apparent significance of that had been lost, but it had been of that had been evidence that had been written by her hand. Now, again, he had to go back to the old line of reasoning. He wondered that he had permitted anything to come into his mind.

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He gasped out the last word with shrill vindictiveness, and fell back breathless.

She hurriedly lifted a small bottle from the mantelpiece, poured a little of the contents into a glass and sipped it. "Surely, dear. Now go to sleep, and when morning comes just remember me. I'll help you not to forget," replied Miss Forget-me-not, and disappeared. Betty was very proud of her little girl.

ATTRACTION DINING CAR SERVICE  
Probably nothing helps more to make a railway journey really enjoyable than a visit to the "Dining Car," especially if it be a Canadian Pacific Dining Car, where the passenger is assured of the highest form of efficiency in the culinary art, the choicest provisions that the market affords, prepared on the scientific principle known as "Dietetic Blending."

parents and the same upbringing." "And no one seemed to be able to answer."

Of course there are several answers. One is that some single factor in their upbringing may have been very different. For instance either sister may have had some friend who exercised a powerful influence.

Another is that the two women had married very different men (but of course they were probably already different to have attracted and been attracted by such different types).

Another, and I think the most cogent answer,—is that nature given the same materials is perfectly capable of making them to produce entirely different results in character just as well as features.

How Often Nature Produces These Varied Results  
Look about you and see how often she does it.

Two striking examples spring to my mind. First a daughter who has been everything to her widowed mother and a son who has been utterly selfish and conscienceless; second two sisters, one very domestic and feminine, the other just the opposite.

Stately nature is a wonderful chemist and no study in the world could be more interesting than that of her compounds.

Good Night N' Stories  
By Charles Sturt

BETTY AND MISS FORGET-ME-NOT.  
Betty had one terrible fault—that of always forgetting to do the thing she was told.

"I wish you would be more careful," Betty said Grandma one day. "Some time your forgetfulness will bring you sorrow."

Grandma had given Betty a beautiful yellow canary that hung in a cage on the porch. Betty loved this pet better than all the others. Every morning she used to be fed and the cage cleaned. Betty loved to care for the little fellow, for he always thanked her with his pretty song.

One day Betty forgot to close the door of the cage lightly, and when she went out to see why he was so quiet, the door was standing wide open and the bird was gone.

"I forgot to close the door," cried Betty, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Grandmother never said, "I told you so," like most grandmas would have done. She just folded Betty in her arms and tried to comfort her, for Grandma knew Betty's heart was almost broken.

"He can't be far away. We'll hunt for him," said Grandma, and taking Betty's hand she went to the garden.

They called and they coaxed, but to no avail. The little yellow bird would not come.

That night as Betty lay in bed she offered up a silent prayer that she might grow to be more thoughtful. As she turned over to go to sleep Betty heard a tiny voice near the head of the bed. There sat a fairy all in blue with a hood like the petals of a tiny flower all around her face. Betty leaned on her elbow and looked at the blue fairy.

"Hello, Betty, I'm Miss Forget-me-not from Fairyland," said the blue fairy.

## SUBS TAKE BIG TOLL

Thirty-Two British Ships Were Torpedoed in Past Week

LOSSES VERY HEAVY

London, June 20.—Twenty-seven British ships of more than 1,600 tons have been sunk, according to the weekly British summary given out today. Five British vessels under 1,600 tons also were sent to the bottom. No fishing vessels were destroyed.

The summary follows: Arrivals, 2,837; sailings, 2,933. British merchant ships over 1,600 tons sunk by mine or submarine, including three previously, 27; under 1,600 tons, including one previously, five.

British fishing vessels unsuccessfully attacked, including two previously, 31.

British fishing vessels sunk, none.

The foregoing figures of British shipping losses as the result of Germany's submarine warfare show a larger number of vessels sunk than in any of the six preceding weeks. Not since the seven-day period ending April 28 has a greater number of ships been destroyed. During that week 51 vessels—33 over and 18 under 1,600 tons—were sunk. The heaviest totals since the Teuton submarine campaign was opened in February last were registered in the week ending April 21, when forty steamers of more than 1,600 tons were sunk and 15 vessels of the smaller tonnage were sent to the bottom.

Table of Sub Results.

Since the middle of April, when the undersea boat activity recorded its highest toll, 303 British vessels, of which 230 measured more than 1,600 tons, were sunk, the weekly total being as follows:	Over 1,600 tons	Under 1,600 tons
Week ended April 21	40	15
April 28	38	13
May 5	24	22
May 12	18	5
May 19	18	1
May 26	15	3
June 3	15	3
June 10	22	7
June 20	27	5

Pickled Peaches.  
Put on 2 bowls sugar and 1 bowl vinegar and let it come to a boil, and then a few peaches at a time and keep turning them so they will be done even.

Fruits (Ambrosia)  
Take 1 coconut and 6 oranges, grate the coconut, remove skin and seeds from oranges, cut them in small pieces, put in a glass dish a layer of coconut, then alternate with the orange until the dish is full; sprinkle over the top 1 cup powdered sugar. Set on ice one hour before serving.

Putting Up Peas  
Peel the peas with a silver knife; if large cut in halves, put in cold water as soon as parter. Then put the peas in a pan of boiling water; boil till soft, then lift out and put them in a colander; strain the water as it will be added to water for syrup; make a syrup by putting a pint of water and 1-2 cup sugar to every quart of peas; slice a lemon in the syrup; boil the syrup about 45 minutes; then put in the peas; boil about 15 minutes more, then put in jars; strain the syrup and fill the jars with it.

Chipped Pear  
Eight pounds pear after cutting up, 3 pounds granulated sugar, 1-4 pound crystallized ginger (imported in box), 4 lemons chipped; pare and chip the pears fine; slice ginger fine; boil sugar, pear and ginger (no water) together slowly for one hour; boil lemon soft in clear water, cut up fine; add to pear and boil slowly until dark and thick. Put up in jars.

CANADIAN CASUALTIES  
KILLED IN ACTION.  
London—Pte. William Percy Boyce.

DIED OF WOUNDS.  
Millbrook—Pte. J. Hoffman, missing.

WOUNDED.  
Woodstock—Pte. Wm. Everson. London—Capt. Keith Macdonald. Pte. C. F. Bennett, 805 Lorne Ave. Atwood—Pte. N. Whitehead. Fairbroun—Pte. R. F. Pickering. Waterford—Pte. J. S. Walters. Point Edward—Pte. A. J. McLachlan. Norwich—Lance-Corp. J. J. Calvert.

Crosshill—Pte. W. Anticknap. Crediton East—Pte. S. W. Sims. St. Marys—Pte. R. F. Pickering. Woodstock—Pte. B. W. Town. Woodstock—Pte. J. J. Murray.

INJURED.  
Owen Sound—Pte. T. J. Mylow. Prisoner of War. Cayuga—Pte. L. E. Lymbryer.



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GIRLS' DRESS. By Anabel Worthington.

Even the six-year-old knows what she wants when it comes to the question of clothes, and she is apt to get it, too, if No. 8274 happens to be the dress which appeals to her. Her mother will like it because it is just a little bit out of the ordinary. The waist is in the straight bolero style, which is so popular just at present, and it has one seam bishop sleeves gathered into a little cuff of contrasting material. The special attraction is the front panel, which is cut in one with the one piece plaited skirt. The panel is slashed down as far as the depth of the bolero, making an opening for the head to slip through. Fancy loops and buttons hold the slash together.

The pattern, No. 8274, is cut in four sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. As on the figure, the 8-year size requires 3 1/2 yards 27 inch, 2 yards 26 inch or 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch, with 1/4 yard of 36 inch contrasting material.

To obtain this pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.

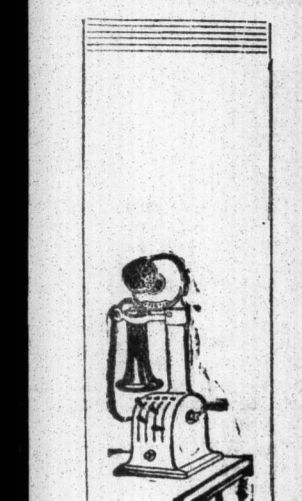


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